

THE PULASKI CITIZEN.

VOLUME 8.

PULASKI, TENNESSEE, FRIDAY MORNING, MAY 4, 1866.

NUMBER 18.

BUSINESS CARDS.

NATHAN ADAMS,
Office in Court-house next to Post Office.
WILL PRACTICE LAW
in Chancery and Circuit courts of Giles.
He will attend to the Collection of Claims against the U. S. for Bounty, Pension, Back Pay, or claims for property—and charge nothing in such cases until the money is collected.
(Feb 15-5m)

SOLOMON E. ROSE,
Attorney & Counsellor at Law,
PULASKI, TENN.
Office in the South-west Corner of the Court House,
WILL PRACTICE
in the Courts of Giles and adjoining counties, (Feb 15-5m)

AMOS R. RICHARDSON,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
PULASKI, TENN.
Will practice in Giles and adjoining counties.
Office in the Court House. Jan 15-5m

T. M. N. JONES,
Attorney at Law,
PULASKI, TENN.
Will Practice in Giles and the Adjoining Counties.
OFFICE
West side Public Square, Up stairs, over the Store of May, Gordon & May, next door to the Tennessee House.
Jan 12, 2m

P. G. STIVER PERKINS,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
PULASKI, TENN.,
Will Practice in Giles and the adjoining counties.
OFFICE
In North end of the Tennessee House, west side of the public square. Jan 12-5m

BROWN & McALLUM,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
PULASKI, TENNESSEE.
OFFICE—The one formerly occupied by Walker & Brown.
Jan 5, 4m

RUTLEDGE & REED,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,
PULASKI, TENNESSEE.
Will practice in the Courts of Giles, Marshall, Maury and Lawrence. Particular attention given to the collection of claims. Office, corner Public Square, Up stairs. Jan 5, 1m

LEON GODFREY,
Watch Maker & Jeweller,
PULASKI, TENN.
All kinds of Repairing in Watches or Jewelry done promptly, and satisfaction warranted.
Shop at Mason & Keel's Store. (Feb 16-4m)

J. M. ROBINSON & CO.,
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods
NOTIONS, &c.
No. 135 Main Street, Between Fifth and Sixth,
LOUISVILLE, KY. (Jan 12) 3m

DR. J. F. GRANT, DR. C. C. ABERNATHY.
MEDICAL CARD.
DRS. GRANT & ABERNATHY,
Pulaski, Tenn.,
HAVING associated themselves in the practice of Medicine and Surgery, respectfully tender their services to the people of Giles and the adjoining counties; and hope by strict attention to business to merit a liberal share of public patronage.
Special Attention Given to Surgery.
Having had ample experience in the Army during the war, and being supplied with all the appliances necessary, they feel fully prepared to treat all cases entrusted to their care.
Office near South-west Corner Public Square.
Jan 5-5m

ALEX. BOOKER, CAL. BOOKER.
TONSORIAL.
ALEX. and CALVIN, Knights of the art Tonsorial, invite the young, the old, the gay, the grave, the elite of Pulaski, to call on them at their new
BARBER'S SALOON,
North side Public square, at the striped poles.

Ezell & Edmundson,
East Side Public Square, Pulaski, Tenn.
Keep constantly on hand a full and assorted
STOCK OF GOODS,
Embracing a great variety.
All of which they offer at low prices—especially their elegant stock of
Ready Made Clothing.
All kinds of Parties, all kinds of money, premium and unexpired, taken at their market value.
Jan 5-10c

Sam. C. Mitchell & Co.,
House Carpenters & Joiners,
PULASKI, TENN.
ARE prepared to do all work in their line at short notice and in the most approved style.
Windows sash, Blinds and Doors made to order at the best of prices.
FUNERAL UNDERTAKING.
We are prepared to furnish coffins of all kinds and sizes at short notice.
Jan 5-5m

L. W. McCORD,
Book and Job Printer,
CITIZEN OFFICE,
NORTH CORNER PUBLIC SQUARE—UP STAIRS,
PULASKI, TENNESSEE.
CASH required for all Job-work. No Job can be taken from the office until paid for.

M. D. LE MOINE,
ARCHITECT,
Office No. 11, Cherry St., near Church,
KANSASVILLE, TENN.
(Jan 1 1866-2m)

Thaddeus Still Lives.
EDITOR CITIZEN:—Having partially recovered from the severe 'stroke' occasioned by the appearance of an article in your paper of April 20th, I have concluded to respond to it, trembling, however, as did the knees of Belshazzar when he beheld the handwriting upon the wall; not from a conviction of wrong (for there is nothing in the article to prove that I am wrong), but Lord, save me from the vengeance of "Earny"! He seems to have forgotten the subject under consideration, and leaves it untouched, with the exception of one or two sentences, which, no doubt, he thinks to be argument unanswerable, and vents his spleen at Thaddeus. He seems to have forgotten that argument alone can convince man of his errors, and not abuse. However, as he has "pitched into" Thaddeus without gloves, I hope he has generosity enough to allow Thaddeus the same privilege.

"Earnest" seems to be rather sentimental in his nature, and believes love to be innate in the human heart. Admitting this to be true, what does it prove? It merely substantiates the fact that there is such a passion as love—and this Thaddeus has never denied. But does it prove that love can not be directed in a wrong channel? By no means. Conscience, too, we believe to be innate. Yet for this, does it follow as an established law, that it is always a monitor, dictating to us when we are right or wrong?

One of the heathen nations of the earth destroy their first born; another tie the dead body of the husband or wife, as the case may be, to the surviving companion, and consume both with fire; while many other nations worship idols, with a conscience as approving as Earny would have us believe his is, after worshipping the deceitful smiles of woman, or after swallowing her silly, flattering words, with a conscience as void of remorse as the Christian's after supplicating God's protection. Earny entirely misunderstands my meaning, therefore drew a wrong conclusion from my words, "Woman knows about as much about love," &c. By that, I meant love, as it existed in the heart before it was contaminated; before woman's heart was changed to flint by the glitter of diamonds; before she made gold her idol; love unalloyed with pecuniary interest or selfishness.

I still say woman's heart, in this fast age, is void of such a feeling, or at any rate, if such a feeling is ever felt it is smothered and crushed in its embryo state, and never allowed to grow, ripen and mature. Earny says "Woman has her love for her ruling passion." This we know to be true. But that ruling passion is the love of wealth, the love of dress, the love of display, the love of coquetry, and the love of gab, which every-day life proves. Come now, Earny, don't you fly into passion, and grit your teeth, and swear that I have slandered some "old" whom you may be loving, or your wife, if you are unfortunate enough to have one. Let me illustrate my position by an example, for your special benefit, as you are dull of comprehension. In speaking of Tennessee as a State, for instance, we say "This State is rebellious" do we mean that every man in the State is a 'Reb,' or do we mean the majority? So we mean in speaking of woman. We can always tell those whom the shoe pinches. They are certain to fly into a passion, and vow that they are even "down upon" the author. Let them be down; who cares? There is nothing to be gained from them, neither information from their conversation, nor pleasure from their society.

Earny's eulogium upon woman is very nice, but "it won't pay," unless he has been employed by some of the "fair ones" to bury Thad. They want something more substantial than words. That does very well to tickle the fancy, yet to gain their sweetest smiles you must make them believe you have plenty of the "spondulix." I say, as I said before, I do not censure them for marrying for convenience, for such is the custom of the day, and custom makes law, not only "in the eyes of the wicked," but in the eyes of a civilized world. From custom our language has arrived at its present state of perfection; from custom society is formed and held together; from custom it is we enjoy every temporal blessing.

My time is not employed as "Inspector General," for it requires no time to learn this thing to be as represented. Every day life has so clearly demonstrated the fact that a blind man can feel it. Earny wishes to know who I am, and my avocation in life. In the first place, I am no hypocrite; and in the second place, if his statement is true that I am an "old bach," of course I have to work for a living. Now, Earny, as I have answered your inquiry, who are you, and "where did you come from?" Do you live by preaching hypocrisy to mankind, and flattering soft-headed women? or do you really believe what you have said about women? In either case I think your time is spent in filling a position of as little profit as the one you assigned me, and at the same time more sinful and simple.

Remember a wise head has said:
"Of all causes which combine to blind Men's erring judgment, and mislead the mind, What the weak head with strongest bias rules, Is worshipping woman, the never-failing vice of fools."

Earny not only wishes to make the impression that I am an old bach, but a "disappointed old bach." If he is a young buck, and expects to gain woman's hand (much less her heart) by praising her, the time will come, when he will be brooding over the fire with his little dried head in his little dried hands, his little dried elbows upon his little dried knees, cursing those whom he has been praising and worshipping all his life. He says I envy the young bucks, whom the ladies are trying to catch. Far from it, Earny. Upon the contrary, I pity them, as I do the fly when about to be entangled in the silken web of the spider; as we do the bird when charmed by the glittering eyes of the serpent. There is one of two things in which Earny is entirely mistaken. I am either no kinsman of Thad. Stevens, or I am no old bach from compulsion, certain. Because, had I been a kinsman of his, and had he belonged to a certain army (as all of Thad's kinsfolk did) that passed through a certain section of country, and occupied certain places, and had he picked up a fortune, as many of them did, I could have married a great many women (judging from their actions), and do as other men have done.

Now, Earny, having proved to the satisfaction of any unprejudiced mind that we are no kinsman of Thad. Stevens, to whom are you related? Judging from your article and the "low-flung" personalities contained therein, and the resemblance it has to some of Brownlow's correspondence with Frye, I am forced to the conclusion that you are related to him. At any rate, if you are not related to him, you must have been his "Red-haired devil" during the time he was giving the loyal people of Tennessee the benefit of his "Rebel Ventilator." I could not laugh at your anecdote relating to Thad. and Satan, unless you would tickle me. Remember, Earny.

Nature to all things fixed the limits fit,
And wisely curbed vain man's borrowed wit.
As you say, you have given Thad. one mighty blow, and no second stroke intend, farewell! As you grow older may you grow wiser; and as you grow wiser may you learn to deal honestly with womankind. If you are really honest in your belief, as you grow wiser the scales will drop from your eyes, and you will not see through a glass dimly as you now do, but you will see things as they really exist.
April 27, 1866. THADDEUS.

Circular.
LEBANON, TENN., Dec. 4, 1865.—Sir: You are addressed as one of the friends of Gen. Robert Hutton, late of this country. It is not necessary to say a single word in reference to the qualities of your noble friend. His life was filled with good and charitable deeds, and we all know how heroically it was given away. The object of this communication is to ask of you a simple act of humanity, as well as a tribute to the memory of the noble virtues and heroic character of him whom we all loved.

His estate is insolvent, and his wife and children are almost destitute. By the industry and energy of his bereaved wife, a large portion of the indebtedness has been paid off; but there is still hanging over them a security debt which will, unless arrested by the interposition of his friends, take from them all they have left, their little home, prepared by his own industry in the town of Lebanon.

The sum of five thousand dollars is needed for present wants. And if this can be raised by subscription among his old friends, those of you who knew him will be consoled by the reflection that all remaining to us of Robert Hutton, his wife and children, are preserved at least from absolute want.

With confidence that you will approve the object contemplated, we respectfully ask your co-operation and assistance. It is hoped his friends are so numerous, that the money can be realized by small contributions, which can be easily and cheerfully made.

Whatever sums may be received through your efforts, you will please enclose to William H. Wharton, Jr., No. 35 Union street Nashville.

W. H. WILLIAMS, Chairman,
Andrew B. Martin, Secretary,
Thos. H. Bostick, Treasurer.

For the Pulaski Citizen.
To "Eudono."

BY ELLA LILLIAN STEPHENSON.
Sitting in the gathering twilight,
Sadly dreaming of the past,
Over which the march of sorrow
Many a shade of grief hath cast;
Thinking, thinking—sadly thinking—
Backward now my mind doth turn,
Weeping wildly in deep anguish
O'er our Southern heroes' urn.

See, I heed thy call, "Eudono."
Tone it once again my lyre,
Tuned in sadness—funeral marches
Thrill upon the trembling wire:
Bend I now in pain and sorrow,
Whilst around me sweeps the waves
Of the sad past. I'll cheat a requiem
For those who rest in unknown graves.

Sing I now of brave, true heroes,
Who will never live in fame,
And will ask how many are there
Who will strive around the name
Of the gallant unknown Private
A fearless wreath of immortality,
To show to future generations
How the noble Private fell!

Oh! the mounds in our wet Southern land,
With no mark, no graven stone,
Which will tell to stranger loiterers
What brave soul to Christ hath flown:
Few there are who'll gather flowers
To lay them on the unknown grave;
Yet for me, my sincere tribute
Is a tear for the Private brave.

Hazel eyes, now looking Southward,
Are bedewed with sorrowing tears,
While sad memory paints a picture
Of those bloody, heart-sick years,
Which have rolled in waves of crimson
O'er our homes with peace once bright,
Dashing all our hopes and fancies—
Ushering in grim sorrow's night.

As I'm thinking, evening soughs
Lift the raven tresses free,
From the brow, now sorrow shaded,
By sad, faithful memory.
I can see again, in fancy,
The fall of an aged father's pride,
And can hear the old of anguish
When the mother's darling died.

See I now the muskets trailing,
Brother-comrades side by side,
Marching slowly to the church-yard
Hear the mourning of the bride,
As they bear the form so worshipped
From her loving clasp away—
Hear the wailing maiden
For her love in anguish pray.

No stars upon his bosom glittered,
No shroud blank of office told,
Yet as proud, 'neath waving banners,
Stepped the Private true and bold.
Not for rank, but for dear women,
Went our brave ones out to fight,
To save their homes from desolation,
Struggling nobly for the right.

How they fought! our brave, true Privates,
And bravely stemmed the battle-tide,
While afar, fair women watched them,
Praying for their country's pride.
They laid upon the South's dear altar
Their sacrifice—'altho' 'twas vain—
Proved how freely their rich blood
Suffered hardship, toil.

What matters it, tho' fate denied them
A place in sacred history's page?
That their names will never glitter
With the hero, prince and sage?
What matters it!—they've marched triumphant
To the Eternal World of Light—
There, upon the life-book page
The Private's name shines fair and bright.

Striking with immortal fingers
The harp's bright, golden string,
Flooding Heaven with richest music—
Hear the anthems sweetly ring!
To their lives new sealed no longer
Sweeter, holier songs are given:
In clear accents their names they've answered
From the life-roll-book of Heaven.

And you, too, unknown "Eudono,"
A faithful offering can twine,
And bring it with a heart's overflowing
And lay it on the patriot's shrine.
Wilt thou do it? Weave it sweetly:
Sing the praises of the brave,
And whilst others 'spine in silence
Lay thy tribute on the grave.

Weak my pen to sing a measure,
Fitting tribute for the dead;
Better, far, that o'er their heads
I should lovingly bend my head.
Comemds to you the task and task—
While I'll give a tribute heart:
This is all, in fond remembrance,
Of which I'll drop the tear.

Which I'll drop the tear,
—TUESDAY, ALA., April, 1866.

Nature Covers up Battle Fields.
"Did I ever tell you," says a correspondent of an eastern paper, "among the affecting things one is always seeing on these battle fields—how, on the ground upon which the battle of Bull Run was fought, I saw pretty, pure, delicate flowers growing out of the ammunition boxes, and a wild rose thrusting up its graceful head through the top of a broken drum which doubtless sounded its last charge in that battle; and a scarlet verbenia peeping out of a bursted shell, in which strange spot it was planted? Wasn't that peace growing out of war? Even so shall the beautiful and graceful ever grow out of the horrid and terrible things that transpire in this changing but ever advancing world. Nature covers even the battle-grounds with verdure and bloom. Peace and plenty spring up in the track of the devouring campaign; and all things in nature and society shall work out the progress of mankind."

Tax printer is the master of all trades.
He beats the carpenter with his ruler, and the mason in setting up columns; he surpasses the lawyer in attending to his cases, and beats the parson in the management of the devil.

For the Pulaski Citizen.
Memories.

To-day I have been
— "sitting in the sunshine,
Gathering up sunny gleams,
And weaving them with tear-drops
Thro' the chain-work of my dreams."

I have been thinking of "old times and memories," and while thus turning over the tablets of memory, the incidents of this day five years ago rise vividly before me. How well I remember it! Once more I mingle with the gay bevy of laughing girls and fun-loving boys, who that day assembled on the mossy banks of a little rivulet, ostensibly "to fish," but in reality to chat, to flirt, and with the avowed intention to abandon the day to pleasure. Our place of rendezvous was a little sheltered vale, where the interlapping of the limbs of tall trees afforded a delightful retreat from the sun, which shone with unusual warmth for the season, and where the welling up of a spring of clear water diffused around a delicious coolness. There too was a nice grassy plateau where we could spread the lunch with which we had not failed to provide ourselves. I think I see them now—our gay little party—seated beneath the wide-sweeping branches of those grand old trees, or strolling leisurely along under the bending willows that lined the banks of the little stream.

I hear again snatches of gay songs, and bright sallies of wit that sounded as merrily as the songs of the birds overhead. Bright eyes, merry voices, and bright footsteps, told of the pleasure there. Fond words were spoken, and solemn vows pledged. And as each gay had singled out the girl of his affections and led her to a distant seat, the low murmur of voices I heard, I know, spoke of love, hope and constancy. My lot was already cast, and as I was not the charmed listener to honied words of love, I had time to look about me and enjoy the beauty and freshness of the scene. It was truly a delightful day—soft and beautiful as ever beamed upon the world. Spring had clad the earth in its robe of green, and scattered everywhere a profusion of buds and blossoms. The air was laden with perfume exhaled from flowers, and full-blown apple trees—while the whole was rendered vocal by the sweet songs of birds, as they fitted from bough to bough.

The whole surrounding country was highly picturesque and beautiful, and presented at one view, to an admirer of nature's works, a scene of most inviting loveliness; and I strolled in and out from the shadows of those lofty, wide-spreading trees, and regaled my senses with the bright prospect around me. It was in the Spring, when the black cloud of war was just rising—and as the gallant youths of our little village had responded to their country's call—this fishing excursion was planned by them, as the last day of pleasure-seeking they would spend with the "girls at home" before going to "the wars." So we fished, danced, sung, laughed, and did as we intended in the outset—abandoned the day to pleasure.

But how different the scene to-day! What changes have not a few years wrought? The merry group whose hearts that day thrilled with the same pleasure as mine, are scattered hither and thither. Some are dead. In yonder church-yard, quietly sleeping side by side, lie two—a brother and a sister—their hearts are still—their voices hushed. The brother's devotion to his country cost him his life—the sister, since the time of which I write—married and died.

Three little hillocks on a Southern battlefield, tell the tale of three others—brave youths, who five years ago left home with springing steps, and hearts beating high with hope and pride—now nightly the South winds sigh a requiem over their lone graves. They

Sleep the sleep that knoweth no waking,
Dream of battle-fields no more—
Days of danger, nights of waking.

Another met death in a far off Northern prison, with no kind friend to wipe the faint whisperings of home and loved ones—and was put away to rest, among foes and strangers. They are gone, forever gone—those friends of other days. Their departure has left vacant seats around dear hearthstones, and sad the hearts that loved them. No loving hand will ever scatter flowers over their graves; but ever in our hearts will their memories bloom fragrantly.

We thought there was wickedness in war; but we had never conceived of its horrors, or of the horrible length to which it might be carried, until learned at the expense of so many valuable lives. The noble hearts and great souls of the South—disinterested, generous and enthusiastic—too proud to calculate, and too brave to pause—rushed into the field of contest, nor dreamed of defeat until our sunny South was made a vast sepulchre, and thousands of fond homes desolated.

But they have covered themselves with renown as splendid as it is desolate; and all those who ever had a noble impulse—a generous throb of the heart—or felt a patriot's pride, will yield the tribute of regret

and honor to the virtue, courage and unselfishness with which these gallant sons of the South braved death for the cause they had espoused.
LUCILLA.

Bradshaw, April 26, 1866.

SELF GOVERNMENT.—Do all in your power to teach your children self-government. If a child is passionate, teach him, by gentle and patient means, to curb his temper. If he is greedy, cultivate liberality in him. If he is selfish, promote generosity. If he is sulky, charm him out of it, by encouraging frank good humor. If he is indolent, accustom him to exertion, and train him to perform even onerous duties with alacrity. If pride comes in to make his obedience reluctant, subdue him, either by counsel or discipline. In short, give your children the habit of overcoming their besetting sins.

Good Enough Platform for the Times.

1. Every man shall do the best he can.
2. He shall think as he pleases, vote as he pleases, and do as he pleases, so he doesn't injure himself or anybody else.
3. He shall read what newspapers he pleases, and believe what he reads or not, just as he likes.
4. He shall attend as many conventions and as many mass meetings as he pleases, or he may stay at home and mind his own business if he prefers it.
5. He can support Johnson, if he pleases, or the Radicals; with the understanding, if he does the latter, the Democrat will please not to support him—much.
6. Everybody is at liberty not to care, more than he can possibly help, what happens, so it doesn't happen to him.
7. It is desirable that all men be righteous and wise; but be not righteous overmuch, nor make thyself overmuch wise, lest thou destroy thyself, says Solomon.
8. No one is to sign a call for a convention or mass-meeting unless he wants to.
9. Any one can quit this party and its platform when he pleases, without notice or apology.—Ez.

JAMES LITTLEWORTH, of Plymouth, Pennsylvania, now seventy-eight years old, is the father of thirty-one children, the oldest of whom is fifty years, and the youngest four months. He is living with his fourth wife, whom he married at the age of fifty-nine, she being then a little Indian squaw of fourteen.

There are over five hundred large manufacturing establishments in Pittsburgh and its suburbs. Among them are fifty glass factories, fifty-eight oil refineries, thirty-one rolling mills, forty-six iron foundries and thirty-one machine shops.

MAGNETS.—To make a cast-iron magnet, take a smooth bar of cast-iron, place the middle of it to the north pole of a magnet and draw it to the end, repeating the stroke always from the middle to the end and rubbing in the same way each time. Then place the middle of the bar to the south pole of the magnet and rub towards the opposite end of the bar, repeating as before. The bar can be made in this way of steel as well as of cast-iron, and may be in the form of a horse-shoe or star as well as a straight bar.

A Family Puzzle.

A boy at Indianapolis is literally his own grandfather! It is in this wise: There was a widow (Annie) and her daughter-in-law (Jane), and her man (George) and his son (Henry). The widow married the son and the daughter married the father. The widow was therefore mother (in law) to her husband's father, and consequently grandmother to her own husband (Henry). By this husband she had a son (David) to whom she was great-grandmother. Now, as the son of a great-grandmother must be either a grandfather or a great-uncle, this boy (David) was one or the other. He is his own grandfather.

KNOW THYSELF.—An over-zealous villager of the motives of other people was the other day brought to his senses by a very quiet remark. He had declared that he did not believe there was one truly honest man in the world, when his opponent said: "My dear sir, it is quite impossible that any one man should know the motives of every man in the world, but it is very possible that some one may be perfectly acquainted with himself."

We are under obligations to the insect world for some of the most beautiful colors with which our fabrics are adorned. The most valuable product to which dyes are indebted, with the exception, perhaps, of indigo, is cochineal, known now to be an insect production. There are also the scarlet grubs of Poland, Læsalie and lœdye, furnished by different insects, which are the basis of our finest colors, and how indebted to the little manufacturers of the gallant, from which ink is made.

THE TRUE FRIEND.—He is but half prepared for the journey of life who takes not with him that friend who will forsake him in no emergency, who will divide his sorrow, increase his joys, lift the veil from his heart, and throw sunshine around the darkest scenes.